

# The Weekly Expositor

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YALE.

MICH.

If you travel in Spain you will help our old friend and ancient ally, for three quarters of the stock and bonds of the Spanish railroads are held in France.

According to Professor Bailey, the astronomer, the earth weighs 6,949,836,000,000,000 tons. Men who are trying to own the earth should paste this in their hats.

A SOCIETY has been formed in New York to "reform husbands." This is mysterious. Can it be that New York women have found some imperfection in husbands?

SOME theatrical managers are nothing if not consistent. For instance: A Miss Gore is to be the soubrette of the company which is to produce a new melodrama called "Bloody Money."

AMERICANS who have been trying to plant civilization in Korean soil are likely to be planted there themselves. However, even if unwelcome in Korea, there is always room for civilization at home.

COLONEL AINSWORTH is free; the spirits of the victims of the Ford's theater disaster may "rise and in trumpet tones proclaim the deep damnation of their taking off," but they will have to let it go at that.

"WHAT shall we do with our girls?" inquires an Eastern writer. If we mean to keep solid with them we shall have to take 'em to the theater, ice cream saloon and prayer meeting as usual, we suppose. Why?

THREE men in Cincinnati were bandits for a single night. In the morning one was at the morgue, the second in the hospital and the third in jail. Heretofore Cincinnati has not been looked upon as a model city.

A PENNSYLVANIA man is to wed by proxy, his prospective bride being across the ocean. Why would not that be a good idea for American heiresses to practice on penniless lordlings? They could just as well ship the money to them.

SIX radical members of the senate of Cambridge university voted against conferring the degree of doctor of laws upon the duke of York, and royalty is offended. The fact that the duke of York knows nothing of law might almost be considered a mitigation of their crime.

Among the facts cited against a man under arrest for murder in an interior town is his possession of red hair, thin lips and unlovely expression of countenance. These qualities might bar him from a beauty contest, but as evidence on which to convict they seem to lack conclusiveness.

A HOODLUM at Colfax, Wash., having killed an inoffensive old man with a cheese knife, was sent to jail for assault. Respect for the law in Washington is a matter of principle and pride, so that when night came the citizens merely hanged the hoodlum and refrained from hanging the court.

WARD McALLISTER comes out and openly admits that "I am free to confess that the so-called four hundred of New York have their feelings in common with most others of God's people." This is rank heresy, and we really think that Mr. McAllister must be mistaken.

TO AVOID trespassing on the property of a neighbor, a San Francisco realty-owner is shaving an inch from the face of a rear wall. Notes and bounds are getting to be rigorously observed. Pretty soon it will be trespass for a man who has built up to the alley line to put a coat of whitewash on his chickenhouse.

THE board of health of Orange, N. J., has issued a circular warning people from kissing, holding that osculation is a decidedly unhealthy practice. The degree of its unhealthfulness depends, of course, upon whether she is married to some other fellow or not, and if she is, secondarily, upon his size and muscularity.

THE scare that has often been excited on account of the danger of flies carrying the germs of infectious diseases has been somewhat allayed by the experiments of Dr. N. Simmonds of Hamburg who at post-mortem examinations of cholera victims captured flies found in the room where the examinations were being held. In these flies numerous comma bacilli could be demonstrated. When the autopsies were concluded and the room washed, the cholera bacilli could not be found. An attempt was made to find how long the cholera germs were retained by the insects, and it was found that they disappeared in one hour and a half.

THE assessors of New York are figuring up the valuation of the city for this year's taxation and think that the total will be at least \$2,000,000,000. Even this enormous sum will not represent the wealth of the city, as a large part of its personal property goes untaxed.

THE discovery of the old boiler in Lake Michigan recalls the question which has been propounded to the newspapers at least once a week for a quarter of a century: What was the date of the Lady Elgin disaster?

## T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

WRITES US HIS USUAL SUNDAY SERMON.

"Another Chance" The Subject Thereof—People Who Think They Can Correct Their Mistakes in This World are Doomed to Disappointment.

There is a hovering hope in the minds of a vast multitude that there will be an opportunity in the next world to correct the mistakes of this; that, if we do make complete shipwreck of our earthly life, it will be on a shore upon which we may walk to a palace; that, as a defendant may lose his case in the Circuit court, and carry it up to the Supreme court or Court of Chancery and get a reversal of judgment in his behalf, all the costs being thrown over on the other party, so, if we fail in the earthly trial, we may in the higher jurisdiction of eternity have the judgment of the lower court set aside, all the costs remitted, and we may be victorious defendants forever. My object in this sermon is to show that common sense, as well as my text, declares that such an expectation is chimerical. You say that the impatient man, having got into the next world and seeing the disaster, will, as a result of that disaster, turn, the pain the cause of his reformation. But you can find ten thousand instances in this world of men who have done wrong and distress overtaken them suddenly. Did the disaster heal them? No; they went right on.

That man was flung of dissipation. "You must stop drinking," said the doctor, "and quit the fast life you are leading, or it will destroy you." The patient suffers from paroxysms of anger; but, under skillful medical treatment, he begins to sit up, begins to walk about the room, begins to go to business. And, lo! he goes back to the same grog shops for his morning dram, and his evening dram, and the drama between. Flat down again! Same doctor! Same physical anguish. Same medical warning. Now, the illness is more protracted; the liver is more stubborn, the stomach more irritable, and the digestive organs are more rebellious. But after awhile he is out again, goes back to the same dram shops, and goes the same round of sacrilege against his physical health.

He sees that his downward course is ruining his household, that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vow, that that broken-hearted woman is so unlike the roseate young wife whom he married that her old school mates do not recognize her; that his sons are to be taunted for a life time by the father's drunkenness, that the daughters are to pass into life under the scarification of a disreputable ancestor. He is drinking up their happiness, their prospects for this life, and, perhaps, for the life to come. Sometimes an appreciation of what he is doing comes upon him. His nervous system is all a tangle. From crown of head to sole of foot he is one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he? In hell on earth. Does it reform him?

After awhile he has delirium tremens, with a whole jungle of hissing reptiles let out on his pillow, and his screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of his bed, crying: "Take these things off me!" As he sits pale and convalescent, the doctor says: "Now I want to have a plain talk with you, my dear fellow. The next attack of this kind you have you will be beyond all medical skill, and you will die." He gets better and goes forth into the same round again. This time medicine takes no effect. Consultation of physicians agree in saying there is no hope. Death ends the scene.

That process of inebriation, warning and dissolution is going on within stone's throw of you, going on in all the neighborhoods of Christendom. Pain does not correct. Suffering does not reform. What is true in one sense is true in all senses, and will forever be so, and yet men are expecting in the next world purgatorial rejuvenation. Take up the printed reports of the prisons of the United States, and you will find that the vast majority of the incarcerated have been there before, some of them four, five, six times. With a million illustrations all working the other way in this world, people are expecting that distress in the next state will be salutary. You can not imagine any worse torture in any other world than that which some men have suffered here, and without any salutary consequence.

Furthermore, the prospect of a reformation in the next world is more improbable than a reformation here. In this world the life started with innocence of infancy. In the case supposed, the other life will open with all the accumulated bad habits of many years upon him. Surely, it is easier to build a strong ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breakers. If with innocence to start with in this life a man does not become godly, what prospect is there that in the next world, starting with sin, there would be a seraph evolved? Surely the sculptor has more prospect of making a fine statue out of a block of pure white Parian marble than out of an old black rock seamed and cracked with the storms of half a century. Surely upon a clean, white sheet of paper it is easier to write a deed or a will, than upon a sheet of paper scribbled and blotted and torn from top to bottom. Yet men seem to think that, though the life that began here comparatively perfect turned out badly, the next life will succeed, though it starts with a dead failure.

Poneropolis was a city where King Philip of Thracia put all the bad people of his kingdom. If any man had opened a primary school at Poneropolis,

I do not think the parents from other cities would have sent their children there. Instead of amendment in the other world, all the associations, now that the good are evolved, will be degenerating and down. You would not want to send a man to a cholera or yellow fever hospital for his health; and the great lazaretto of the next world, containing the diseased and plague-struck, will be a poor place for moral recovery. If the surroundings in this world were crowded of temptation, the surroundings of the next world, after the righteous have passed up and on, will be 1,000 per cent more crowded of temptation.

Multitudes of men who are kept within bounds would say, "Go to, now! Let me get all out of this life there is in it. Come, gluttony, and inebriation, and uncleanness, and revenge, and all sensualities, and wait upon me! My life may be somewhat shortened in this world by dissoluteness, but that will only make heavenly indulgence on a larger scale the sooner possible. I will undertake the saints at last, and will enter the Heavenly Temple only a little later than those who behaved themselves here. I will on my way to heaven take a little wider excursion than those who were on earth pious, and I shall go to heaven via Gehenna and via Sheol." Another chance in the next world means free license and wild abandonment in this.

Suppose you were a party in an important case at law, and you knew from consultation with judges and attorneys that it would be tried twice, and the first trial would be of little importance, but that the second would decide everything; for which trial you would make the most preparation, for which retain the ablest attorneys, for which be most anxious about the attendance of witnesses? You would put all the stress upon the second trial, all the anxiety, all the expenditure, saying, "The first is nothing, the last is everything." Give the race assurance of a second and more important trial in the subsequent life, and all the preparation for eternity would be "post mortem," post funeral, post sepulchral and the world with one jerk be pitched off into impiety and godlessness.

Furthermore, let me ask why a chance should be given in the next world if we have refused innumerable chances in this? Suppose you give a banquet, and you invite a vast number of friends, but one man declines to come, or treats your invitation with indifference. You in the course of twenty years give twenty banquets, and the same man is invited to them all, and treats them all in the same obnoxious way. After awhile you remove to another house, larger and better, and you again invite your friends, but send no invitation to the man who declined or neglected the other invitations. Are you to blame? Has he a right to expect to be invited after all the indignities he has done you? God in this world has invited us all to the banquet of his grace. He invited us by his Providence and his Spirit 365 days of every year since we knew our right hand from our left. If we declined it every time, or treated the invitation with indifference, and gave twenty or forty or fifty years of indignity on our part toward the banquet, and at last he spreads the banquet in a more luxurious and kingly place, amid the heavenly gardens, have we a right to expect him to invite us again, and have we a right to blame him if he does not invite us?

If twelve gates of salvation stood open twenty years or fifty years for our admission, and at the end of that time they are closed, can we complain of it and say: "These gates ought to be open again. Give us another chance!" If the steamer is to sail for Hamburg, and we want to get to Germany by that line, and we read in every evening and every morning newspaper that it will sail on a certain day, for two weeks we have that advertisement before our eyes, and then we go down to the docks fifteen minutes after it has shoved off into the stream and say: "Come back. Give me another chance. It is not fair to treat me in this way. Swing up to the dock again, and throw out planks and let me come on board." Such behavior would invite arrest as a madman.

You see that this idea lifts this world up from an important way station to a platform of stupendous issues, and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. But one trial for which all the preparation must be made in this world, or never made at all. That piles up all the emphases all the climaxes and all the destinies into life here. No other chance! O, how that augments the value and the importance of this chance!

Alexander with his army used to surround a city, and then would lift a great light in token to the people that, if they surrendered before that light went out, all would be well; but if once the light went out, then the battering-rams would swing against the wall, and demolition and disaster would follow. Well, all we need do for our present and everlasting safety is to make surrender to Christ, the king and conqueror—surrender of our hearts, surrender of our lives, surrender of everything. And he keeps a great light burning, light of gospel invitation, light kindled with the wood of the cross and flaming up against the dark night of our sin and sorrow. Surrender while that great light continues to burn, for after it goes out there will be no other opportunity of making peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Talk of another chance! Why, this is a supernatural chance!

In the time of Edward the Sixth, at the battle of Musselburgh, a private soldier, seeing that the Earl of Hertford had lost his helmet, took off his own helmet and put it upon the head of the earl; and the head of the private soldier uncovered, he was soon slain, while his commander rode safely out of the battle.

But in our case, instead of a private soldier offering helmet to an earl, it is a king putting his crown upon an unworthy subject, the king dying that we might live. Tell it to all points of the compass. Tell it to night and day. Tell it to all earth and heaven. Tell it to all centuries, all ages, all millenniums, that we have such a magnificent chance in this world that we need no other chance in the next.

I am in the burnished judgment hall of the last day. A great white throne is lifted, but the judge has not yet taken it. While we are waiting for his arrival I hear immortal spirits in conversation. "What are you waiting here for?" says a soul that went up from Madagascar to a soul that ascended from America. The latter says: "I came from America, where forty years I heard the gospel preached, and Bible read, and from the prayer that I learned in infancy at my mother's knee until my last hour I had gospel advantage, but, for some reason, I did not move the Christian choice, and I am here waiting for the judge to give me a new trial and another chance." "Strange!" says the other; "I had but one gospel call in Madagascar, and I accepted it, and I do not need another chance."

"Why are you here?" says one who on earth had feeblest intellect to one who had great brain, and silvery tongue, and sepiers of influence. The latter responds: "Oh, I knew more than my fellows. I mastered libraries, and had learned titles from colleges, and my name was a synonym for eloquence and power. And yet I neglected my soul, and I am here waiting for a new trial." "Strange," says the one of the feeble earthly capacity: "I knew but little of worldly knowledge, but I knew Christ, and made him my partner, and I have no need of another chance."

Now the ground trembles with the approaching chariot. The great folding doors of the hall swing open. "Stand back!" cry the celestial ushers. "Stand back, and let the judge of quick and dead pass through!" He takes the throne, and looking over the throng of nations, he says: "Come to judgment, the last judgment, the only judgment!" By one flash from the throne all the history of each one flames forth to the vision of himself and all others. "Divide!" says the judge to the assembly. "Divide!" echo the walls. "Divide!" cry the guards angelic. And now the immortals separate, rushing this way and that, and after awhile there is a great aisle between them, and a great vacuum widening and widening, and the judge, turning to the throng on one side, says: "He that is righteous, let him be righteous still, and he that is holy, let him be holy still;" and then, turning toward the throng on the opposite side, he says: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still;" and then, lifting one hand toward each group, he declares: "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, there it shall be." And then I hear something far with a great sound. It is the closing of the Book of Judgment. The judge ascends the stairs behind the throne. The hall of the last assize is cleared and adjourned forever.

### INCIDENT AND ANECDOTE.

A young lieutenant going out to India with his regiment, writing home about the country says: "The climate is magnificent, but a lot of young fellows come out here and drink and eat and eat and drink and die, and then write home and say it was the climate that did it."

"What relation is Mr. X—to you?" asked the Boston minister of a 4-year-old boy. "He's my grandpa." "And what relation is Mrs. X—to?" "She's my grandma." "And what relation am I to you?" added the clergyman. The little fellow was puzzled, but was finally told, "I'm your pastor; you'll remember, won't you?" The boy promised, and when he reached home electrified his mother and grandmother with the announcement: "Mr. Y—says I'm some relation to him; he's my parsnip!"

A gentleman, in speaking of the commonness of the proper names of "Jones" and "Smith," told this story: "I once attended a camp meeting in one of the rural districts of Kentucky. One day as I was walking from the spring to the camp I met a strange gentleman who offered me his hand. 'I am glad to see you, Mr. Jones,' said he. 'I suppose you are mistaken,' said I. 'I reckon not,' said my new friend. 'I am a stranger here, but the man who brought me over here said that every other man I met would be a Jones.' 'Well?' 'Well, the last one was Mr. Smith.'"

At a Staten Island ball one evening a plain country gentleman had engaged a pretty coquette for the next dance, but a gallant yachting captain coming along persuaded the young lady to abandon her previous engagement in favor of himself. The other, overhearing all that had passed, moved toward a card table and sat down to a game of whist. The captain in a few minutes afterward stepped up to the young lady to excuse himself, as he was engaged to another he had forgotten. The coquette, much chagrined, approached the whist table in hopes to secure her first partner, and said: "I believe, sir, it is time to take our places." The old-fashioned suitor, in the act of dividing the pack for the next dealer, courteously replied: "No, madam, I mean to keep my place. When ladies shuffle I cut."

Henrik Ibsen, who is now 67 years of age, was an apothecary's clerk in Skein, Norway, when he wrote his first play.

The 300th anniversary of the birth of Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, will be celebrated this year with great pomp in that country.

## OUT OF THE STORM.

With fierce gusts the wind sweeps across the ocean, lashing the mighty billows into fury and hurling them with thunderous roar upon the shore. And far out at sea shines the light from that grand old tower which has braved a thousand storms. However furiously the huge seas dash at it, keeping its rocky foundation, still that light shines brightly from Eddystone's tower.

But upon this stormy night, though the light reveals the peril, a vessel is striving in vain to avoid the jagged rocks; while each moment the light grows more hopeless. The group of fishermen watching upon the shore know that her death is very near, though they are powerless to aid. Onward she is hurled toward the rocks, round which the sea is a seething mass of foam; then she is still; the waves leap madly over her, crushing her to pieces in their fury.

Even when the night has grown too dark to see the vessel, the fishermen remain gazing across the stormy sea as the tide rolls up the channel. When day dawns and every eye is turned to the spot where the vessel struck, she is no longer there.

And all through the day the wreckage is washed ashore; then they learn the vessel's name and hasten with the news to the rector. The old man's heart is filled with sadness as he seeks his daughter to break the news to her; he dreads to cause his beautiful child pain, yet he knows how great her grief must be. For upon that vessel her affianced husband was coming home to claim his fair young bride.

"My poor little Mabel," the old man said, with tears in his eyes at his child's wild grief. "Herbert may have escaped. Have faith, my darling. All will come right. Indeed it will, poor little Mabel. There is hope."

"There is none, papa, for me. Oh, why did he make me love him so? Is it wicked to love any one so dearly?" "Assuredly not, Mabel. If the worst has happened, remember this life is very short. It is the other life we should consider."

"Oh, papa! How can I think like you? You are good; but I am wicked. He is lost to me and my life is ended. I have nothing left in all the dreary world."

"I hoped you loved me, darling," the old man said in a low, troubled voice. "But then I am not much to you. I fear I may not have quite fulfilled your dear mother's trust."

"Oh, papa," cried Mabel, flinging her arms round her father's neck, and sobbing on his bosom, while he kissed her golden head. "Dear, dear papa, forgive me. I love you better than my life. But I loved him better than my soul; and now he is taken from me." Days passed by and the sea gave up her dead; but no living came to recount the terrors of that stormy night, when the great ship sunk to her grave. It was but another spot on the wreck chart.

Still the old rector hoped and tried to instill his faith in his daughter's breast. But day by day poor Mabel would wander by the sea shore with a look of such deep misery in her beautiful blue eyes that her father scarcely dared to meet that sorrowful gaze, and every wave that burst in silvery spray upon the shore sent a shock of agony through her breast; for she knew her darling lay beneath those glittering waters.

The air is hot and sultry. The sun streams down with a power never felt in England. Many men and women stand by the harbor watching the great vessel speed on her voyage to the other side of the world; and many women are weeping, though God knows they will weep more bitterly when they learn the end of that voyage.

Suddenly the crowd is parted and a young man dashes up, followed by a man-servant carrying a portmanteau; a look of despair is upon the young man's handsome face as he gazes at the vessel speeding on her way. "Sure now," observed the man-servant flinging the trunk down and seating himself upon it and gazing complacently at the departing vessel, "your honor's a grand runner, entirely. If we hadn't just missed that blooming boat we would have caught it to a certainty."

It is a very certain thing that when a man is angry it is imperative he should have some one to vent his rage upon. The young man could scarcely vent his spleen upon the ladies who were looking at him compassionately, for he was very handsome, so he turned on his servant.

"If you joke about it, Pat, I'll fling you into the water," he cried, savagely. "Sure now, that would be a blessing eternally; if the ladies would only just let me take off a few of my clothes. Golly, it's hot. There's one consolation, your honor. If we're piked at the blooming boat, and it looks as though we had, we'll be in plenty of time for the next—the next boat ain't gone—and chance it."

The ladies laughed. The young man looked very angry. Taking a cigar from his pocket he mechanically lighted it; then as the full force of his disappointment fell upon him he savagely flung the cigar on the ground and sat, kicking it up, smoked it while he gazed sternly at his master.

"I don't believe you would care if you were going to be hanged to-morrow," cried the young man angrily. "Sure now, it would save the burying, Mr. Herbert. There was a cove telling me yesterday that the mail boat sails in a fortnight and that she's bound to overtake that old tub that has been and gone afore we was ridy."

"Why didn't you tell me so before?" "Didn't like to excite yer honor. There is always a way out of a difficulty. Sure there's a way out of this one."

"What is it, Pat?" inquired the master, lighting another cigar, which he did not throw away.

"Go and have a lemon squash and go by the next boat."

Pat's advice was certainly practical and seeing there was absolutely nothing else to do, Herbert followed it. His first intention was to cable to England, stating that he had missed the boat his friends were advised he would return by; but then the belief that the mail would arrive before the other vessel, determined Herbert to leave matters as they were and view the situation with that calmness and composure that Pat exhibited. But that same storm which wrecked the first vessel delayed the mail steamer and she arrived three weeks behind her time.

It is a beautiful summer's morning. The clear waves fall softly upon the beach though they are leaping at the lighthouse out at sea. The cattle are browsing upon the rich pasture in the distance and on yonder hill is the rector's ivy-covered church, beneath which rests his lost wife. The old man is upon the shore; his daughter's arm is within his; they are watching the tug that has been to relieve those watchers at the lighthouse. Mabel's beautiful face is deathly pale and one little hand is clasped to her heart. This is her last hope and she feels how weak it is.

Some of the passengers in that ill-fated vessel may have gained the lighthouse. Presently a boat is lowered, men leap in; their oars flash in the sunlight and the boat speeds toward the shore. The rector places his arm round Mabel's waist and she sobs aloud. The fishermen walk from them and watch the boat draw near. But they know too well there is no hope.

At last the news arrives. None landed at the lighthouse that stormy night, every soul was lost. Mabel hears it and sinks in her father's arms; the old man places her upon the grass and kneeling beside her, with clasped hands, prays with all the fervor of his soul. His faith is strong still and as those rough men look upon that old man's face, turned to the silent heavens, they learn a lesson that even his words could not teach them.

Days pass by. The moon is rising over the rolling sea, flushing over the waves in a myriad lights. The earth is very beautiful this peaceful night.

Strolling along the shore are father and daughter, but Mabel is sadly changed and the old man looks older. He is talking in that soft hopeful voice that somehow always brings Mabel comfort in her grief. His hat is in his hand and his silvery hair waves in the gentle wind. Mabel thinks he is very beautiful; and so he is, with that brave faith which no trouble will shake.

"Mabel, for the first time in my life I feel how weak my words are. I feel that were your mother in my place she could comfort you as I can never hope to do. Yet even your dear mother could not sorrow with you more than I."

"Papa, you are very good. No one could comfort me more than you; but there is no comfort for me. All hope is gone now. Oh, Herbert, why did I love you so dearly?" "All will come right. It will; indeed it will."

"You bid me have faith even now, papa?"

"I do. I bid you have faith and hope. See, darling! Look at that glorious sea and the earth. Their presence should always raise your hope and faith."

"But papa, what are they to me, when I have lost Herbert? Oh, it is cruel. It is wicked."

"Hush, darling! You do not know what you say in your grief. Kneel down, my child; and we will pray that he shall come to you."

Softly the waves break upon the shore and the moon streams over father and child as they kneel side by side, uttering their silent prayer. Then a step falls upon the ground, a voice breaks the silence:

"Mabel!"

Mabel springs to her feet. The next moment she is clasped in her lover's arms, her lips meet his and she lives again.

The silvery light of the moon falls upon the lovers clasped within each other's arms and upon the old man's upturned face, as he kneels beside them.

### THEY MOURNED DAISY'S DEATH

She Was Only a Dog, but Was Given a Christian Burial.

Mr. and Mrs. John Garner, who reside at Benson avenue and De Bryn's lane, Bath Beach, were up to a short time ago the possessors of a black and tan dog, named Daisy, for years old. The Garners moved to another house on Eleventh avenue. Here Daisy became ill, and, despite tender nursing and the attendance of a physician, the animal died.

Its owners were much affected, and moved back to their former residence, because, Mrs. Garner said, she could not live in the house where her pet had died. Then the dog must be properly interred. A casket was obtained from a local undertaker, the remains of Daisy were wrapped in a shroud of red flannel, with the head only showing, deposited in the casket and buried with due solemnity in the garden alongside the cottage.—New York World.

### ELECTRICAL WAGON.

It is now in operation on the Streets of London.

The latest development of electric traction is the new electric parcel and advertising van for ordinary roads, now in use in London. By a careful arrangement the working parts are reduced to a minimum, leaving the whole of the interior of the body free for passenger or goods. The accumulators supplying the motive power are suspended in a special carrier beneath the body of the van, so that a recharged set may be substituted in two minutes without interfering with the contents of the van. The steering gear, which is of the greatest importance, is said to be satisfactory, the driver having perfect control of the vehicle. The van is also lighted by electricity, and is controlled by a single switch, giving six degrees of speed. An estimate shows that the cost of working a van by electricity, equal to a two-horse vehicle including charging, maintenance, etc., is about 4 cents per mile. The car runs about thirty miles with each charge.—Philadelphia Record.

### Paternal Versus Filial Contentment.

"Rabbi, who is the happier, the man who owns \$1,000,000 or he who has seven daughters?"

"The one who has many daughters."

"Why so?"

"He who has \$1,000,000 wishes for more; the man who has seven daughters does not."—Flegende Blatter.